

Home Circle.

DON'T SNUB.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes, says an exchange. When Edison, the inventor, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dulness in his lesson. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub him for any reason. Not only because he may some day outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.

THE CHIMNEY SWALLOW'S HOME-COMING

"Look, Frances," mamma exclaimed, "see the chimney swallows coming home to go to bed."

Frances looked up and saw in the gathering twilight, a great number of little birds flying over the top of a near house.

"Watch them, dear," mamma added, "see how they fly around in a circle. See that one drop into the chimney. That chimney is their home."

Frances watched these soot-colored little birds until nearly all had gone into their chimney home.

The swallows flew around in a circle as fast as the eye could follow them. A part of the circle was above the mouth of the chimney. Into it the little birds could now and then be seen to fall.

By and by the circle spread out. It seemed as though the birds had lost the chimney. Soon, however, it would be seen, and making a turn, the birds would come over it again, and down into it would go a few more.

The birds grew tired going around the same way. So off they flew to a distance. Making a turn, they came back and flew around the chimney the other way. Many more birds this time dropped into the chimney.

Frances, thinking the chimney could not hold all the birds in it, said, "O

mamma, the garret must be full by this time." The flying circle, however, seemed as large and dark with birds as at any time.

Again the birds became confused. The circle slowly went higher and higher, when they would try to drop into the chimney they would miss it.

The birds certainly agreed now that something must be done so they could get into their home. So away they flew from the house to turn themselves again, so that they could fly around the chimney in the direction they had first done.

There were no other houses near the one the birds were flying over. In returning the birds came back and flew downward, then upward, so as to make a slanting circle. One side was low, the other much higher in the air. The lowest portion of the circle was over the mouth of the chimney.

This proved a splendid plan for the little birds. They coasted down the sloping side of the circle on their wings, just as a boy would slide down a hill on his sled, and tumbled into the chimney by dozens. In less than two minutes nearly every bird had ridden down this slanting circle into the chimney and jumped into their beds. No more than ten stragglers remained out.—*Our Little Men and Women.*

PARTNERS.

A sturdy little figure it was, trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl today?"

"Yes'm." The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cherry withal.

"Yes'm, it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And there is nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her." It was not a well considered compliment, and the little water carrier did not consider it one at all, for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an almost indignant tone in her voice, as she answered:—

"Why, of course I help her. I always help her to do things all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother'n me's partners."

THE OLD LADY.

A picturesque figure is passing out of society, if she has not already passed. We seldom, in the drawing room, meet the old lady. At this moment she is to be found chiefly in villages remote from the railway, or if, in town, she is apt to belong to the distinctly poorer classes, and to be engaged in some humble occupation as, for example, the keeping of an apple stand, or the selling of newspapers around the ferries or elevated stations. Thus engaged, she wears a distinctive dress, almost a uniform. It consists of a gown of some very dark or neutral tint, with a straight full skirt ending at her ankles, a round waist, no drapery or puffed sleeves, but severely plain and rather short ones, leaving the wrist free; a little three-cornered shawl over the shoulders—always that—and a hood or bonnet protecting the hair.

These old women are frankly old. They seem to have lived a hundred years, and never to have been young. Their old faces are criss-crossed like maps with innumerable fine lines; they bear themselves with a certain patience and dignity.

But they are not in society. They are part of the world outside, which does not exist for the sheltered and guarded well-to-do. They are like the peasants in French pictures, as straight-forward, as child-like, as innocent, as calmly indifferent to fashion. What have they to do with it?—what has it to do with them?

In the strenuous struggle to retain youth or the semblance of it, which is the foible and weakness of our period, the old lady has a difficult time of it just now. The masseuse labors to efface her wrinkles; those time revealing marks, which, bravely worn, have a beauty of their own. She tries cream and unguents, hot water and cold water, galvanism and steam, that her skin may remain as soft, as rose-hued, as flexible as it was at twenty. In this there is no harm, but, did she only know, there are placid old faces among the Friends and among the Shakers, too, which have kept off wrinkles and retained shape and smoothness solely by the spirit's inward light, and peace and help.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THERE will be no Christian without a Gethsemane, but every praying Christian will find that each Gethsemane has its angel.—*Ex.*

A CLOSER walk with the spirit may save a man from so much countermarching in his course to fall in step with Providence.—*Ex.*

PRAYERS are but putting promises on suit.—*Reformed Church Messenger.*